*Roſ.* Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper, you do ſurely bar the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir I lack aduancement.

*Roſ.* How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke*.

*Enter the Players with Recorders.*

*Ham.* I ſir, but while the graſſe grows, the prouerb is ſomthing muſty, oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

*Gu.* O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly

*Ham.* I do not well vnderſtand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

*Guyl.* My Lord I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guyl.* Beleeue me I cannot.

*Ham.* I beſeech you.

*Guyl.* I know no touch of it my Lord.

*Ham.* It is as eaſie as lying: gouern theſe ventages with your fingers, & the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it wil diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſique, look you, theſe are the ſtops.

*Guyl.* But theſe cannot I command to any vtrance of harmony, I haue not the skill.

*Ham.* Why look you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops, you would pluck out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound me from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſique, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak, s'blood do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what Inſtrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

*Ha.* Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a Camell?

*Pol.* By'th maſſe and tis like a Camell indeed.

*Ham.* Me thinks it is like a Wezell.

*Pol.* It is black like a Wezell.

*Ham.* Or like a Whale.

*Pol.* Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then

8 while 17 I doe beſeech 20 & the vmber
22 commaund 24 vnworthy 26 hart
antepenult. backt